

EDGAR AND EMMELINE. (4)

A COMEDY,

IN TWO ACTS.

WRITTEN BY DR. HAWKESWORTH.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL DRURY-LANE.

The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.

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J. HAWKESWORTH, L. L. D.

HAD this gentleman left only his *Adventurer* behind him, that production would have transmitted his name to posterity, and have ranked it among those, whose works, more durable than the sculptured monument, will remain a treasure to the mind of taste and elegance, when the latter shall have crumbled to decay, and even its place forgotten.

Mr. Hawkesworth was born in the year 1720, and arriving at the proper age, he was articled to a watch-maker, an employment every way foreign to his inclinations, and in which he did not long continue. At a very early period he married; and although his circumstances at this time were at a very low ebb, we have reason to believe that in this important change he consulted his inclination more than his interest.

The lady he made choice of for a partner, being qualified by education and accomplishments for the undertaking, set up a school at Bromley, in Kent, in which, by address and assiduity, she proved very successful.

The profits arising from the school, joined to those produced by the literary engagements of Mr. Hawkesworth, enabled them to make a genteel appearance, and none were more respected in the neighbourhood than themselves.

In this situation they continued for some time, when two ladies of family and considerable connections made choice of their house, from the desirable spot on which it stood, and offered very advantageous terms to Mr. and Mrs. H. if they would relinquish the school, and dispose of their mansion. They accordingly listened to, and accepted of the terms proposed; in doing which they reaped a considerable advantage.

In thus exchanging a state of continued hurry and anxiety for one of uninterrupted repose, Mr. Hawkesworth was enabled to pursue the natural bent of a mind replete with genius, and disposed to encourage the dictates of a rich and glowing fancy, even to their most romantic extent; for at this period, it is said, he laid the ground work of those impressive and interesting Eastern Tales, which dignify and embellish his *Adventurer*, and which are allowed to be equal to those of Doctor Johnson in the *Rambler*.

About this time our author was chosen one of the directors of the East India Company. To this appointment he was indebted to the friendship of a lady whose interest was very considerable, on account of her having a large property in that concern.

The life of Mr. Hawkesworth presents but few

traits of sufficient interest to justify our setting them down in this place. It was not till verging on its close that he was employed in preparing for the public an account of the discoveries in the South Seas, which then engaged the public mind.

Of this work great expectations were formed; artists of the first description were engaged, at an expence hitherto unprecedented in this country: but when the long promised volumes made their appearance, the tongue of envy employed itself in running them down, setting forth, that the engravers had made more of their materials, than the compiler had done of those entrusted to his arrangement and description.

But the attempts of his disappointed brothers of the quill, to injure him in a pecuniary way, proved abortive, and the sum of £.6000 rewarded his labours.

Disappointed in their endeavours to injure his reputation as an author, they changed the mode of attack, and levelled all their force against his peace of mind; and here, indeed, they proved but too successful.

Mr. Hawkesworth had ever employed his pen in the cause of virtue and its best interests.

As a TRANSLATOR, his *Telemachus*, the only one that is worthy of a place in an English library, reflects the highest honour on the mind, that could so fully conceive the beauties of its excellent author, and give them, not only unimpaired, but consider-

ably improved and heightened, to such of his countrymen whose confined education prevented their perusing the original. This is a work which ought to be in every school and in every family, as the moral sentiments which enrich every page are such which young minds cannot be too conversant in.

As a POET, his *Hermit of Warkworth* exhibits a display of every thing dear to the melancholy muse he loved to cherish ; its fable is expressive of a fine imagination, and its moral (the crown of human invention) is at once pure, conspicuous, and unaffected.

As a PROSE WRITER, the short novels in the *Adventurer* are written in a stile at once elegant and natural, and the lessons they inculcate are worthy of the attention of the rising generation.

The *Eastern Tales*, in the same work, have been already mentioned : these must be read ; for an attempt to point out their beauties would only be doing injury to some of the finest compositions of the kind in the English language.

In all he has written, Mr. Hawkesworth appears to have been desirous of leaving nothing behind him but what would better the heart, and improve the understanding. This was worthy of a great and a good man, and as such we are inclined to consider the subject of these pages.

From a consciousness that he did not merit censure, upon the score of morality, as a writer, Mr. Hawkesworth could but ill brook the charge of

swerving from its principles in certain passages of his narrative; the meaning of which his illiberal antagonists perverted with more ingenuity than candour; this preyed upon his peace, and considerably impaired his health: but he had not long to repine beneath the insinuations of calumny, for in the year 1773 he was removed by a fever from this world to a better.

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
TO THE PRESENT TIME
BY NATHANIEL BENTLEY
VOLUME I
PUBLISHED BY J. B. BENTLEY
1857

EDGAR AND EMMELINE.

THIS ingenious, and equally amusing Fairy Tale, was first represented on Drury-Lane stage, in the year 1761.

The celebrated J. Hawkesworth is the author. To this gentleman the world is considerably indebted for the best English translation of Telemachus. As a poet, his Hermit of Warkworth does him honour, while, as an elegant prose writer, his beautiful Eastern Tales bear ample testimony; and these will remain lasting monuments of a fertile and creative genius, gifted with the choicest stores of fancy, taste, and sentiment.

On this ground the elegant drama of Edgar and Emmeline demands a place in our collection; although it has not for many years been exhibited on the stage.

"Friendship leads to love."—This well known sentiment is pleasingly illustrated in the persons of the hero and heroine of the scenes which occupy the following pages; and which we hope and trust will be honoured with the approbation of our much respected and numerous patrons.

Dramatis Personae.

DRURY-LANE.

Men.

Edgar,	-	MR. OBRIEN
Florimond,	-	MR. KING.

Women.

Emmeline,	-	MRS. YATES
Elfina,	-	MR. KENNEDY
Grotilla,	-	MISS ROGERS.
Other Fairies, Servants, &c.		



EDGAR AND EMMELINE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A dark part of Windsor Forest.*

Enter GROTILLA meeting ELFINA.

Several Fairies enter, moving to light music, and at length forming a ring and dancing.

Enter another Fairy.

RECITATIVE.

*N*OW no more in dells we sleep ;
Here our revels now we keep :
By the moon, our silver sun——
See, our sports are now begun !

AIR.

Welcome, with the lambent light,
Welcome, lovely queen of night !
To thy gentle reign belong
Love, and mirth, and dance, and song.

- ‘ War, and strife, and toil, and care,
- ‘ Now their works of woe forbear :
- ‘ Night shall now for day atone ;
- ‘ Give the night to joy alone !

‘ *[The Fairy mixes with those that dance.*

‘ *Enter ELFINA, an old Fairy.*

- ‘ *Elf.* Hist—break off!—My charge receive ;
- ‘ Then renew the sports ye leave.

‘ *(They leave off dancing: the music ceases ;*
‘ *and Elfina beckons first one, then another,*
‘ *speaking to them separately.)*

- ‘ When the midnight hour is nigh,
- ‘ Duteons to your tasks apply.
- ‘ You, the miser’s haunts be near,
- ‘ Break his rest with causeless fear ;
- ‘ Creak his doors, his windows shake,
- ‘ Till his iron heart shall quake.
- ‘ You, as gouty humours flow,
- ‘ Pinch the glutton by the toe.
- ‘ You, with boding dreams molest
- ‘ Proud ambition’s anxious breast.
- ‘ You, with fancied ghosts affright
- ‘ Atheists in their own despight :
- ‘ Bold by day, the blust’ring spark
- ‘ Turns believer in the dark.
- ‘ Hence—of vice to work the wo,
- ‘ And the weal of virtue, go !

‘ *(The Fairies go out at one side ; and as Elfina*
‘ *is going out at the other.*

‘ Enter GROTILLA, another old Fairy.

Grot. Sister! sister!

Elf. Whence com'st thou?

Grot. I come far.

Elf. What to do? Tell me—

Grot. To confer with you.

Elf. Yonder—— [Pointing to the Castle,

Grot. What!

Elf. The castle there——

Grot. Well——

Elf. Contains my present care.

Grot. Briefly, then, thy care unfold,

Elf. Mark! it shall be briefly told.

Edgar, Emmeline, you knew.

Grot. Youthful both, and fair and true.

Elf. Thus their destiny was read,

While the sisters spun their thread:

“ This youth a maid, this maid a youth must find,

“ The best, the fairest, both in form and mind;

“ Each, as a friend, must each esteem, admire;

“ Yet catch no spark of amorous desire!

“ Till this be done, no chance shall bliss bestow;

“ When this is done, no chance shall work them
woe!”

Grot. This was publish'd at their birth.

Elf. Right; and well 'tis known on earth.

Grot. Blest I wish them—

Elf. So do I.

Grot. Can you help them?

Elf. Certainly.

Grot. Search the island round and round
None like either can be found.

Elf. Each by each must then be seen ;
But not lov'd——

Grot. Hard task, I ween!

Elf. Hard the task ; I know it well.

Grot. How perform it?—

Elf. I can tell.

Here the King pursues the chace ;

All his nobles crowd the place :

Emm'line here a youth appears,

Gondibert the name she bears :

Edgar is a maid in dress,

Call'd Elfrida——

Grot. Now I guess.

Elf. To the youth, the virgin seems,

Like himself, a youth ; and deems,

Like herself, the youth a maid ;

Neither thus to love betray'd.

Grot. You contriv'd——

Elf. I did——

Grot. But——

Elf. Stay!

Mortal footsteps mark the way.

Vanish—quick : and leave me here :

If conjurd, I must appear.

[*Exit Grotilla ; Elfina retires.*]

*Enter EMMELINE, disguised in a man's habit as
Gondibert.*

Emm. What a situation am I in?—Is this figure

really and truly Emmeline—the beloved and only daughter of great Northumberland? Every thing about me is so like a dream, that I am frighted to think I am awake.—Oh how weary I am of this dress! If I had known half that I should have suffered in it, all the fairies in the world should not have persuaded me to put it on.—If I resided here in this disguise, the month of the king's hunting, I was to break the spell I was born under, and my life was to be happy—so the fairy told me!—Yet the time expires to-morrow, and nothing has happened to me but vexation and disappointment. I must once more see this powerful yet decrepit being, who, though invisible, is always within my call.—This ring, which she gave me, convenes her: if I take it off and touch it thrice, she appears.—Once—twice—thrice!

[Elfina comes forward, and touches her.]

Emm. O fairy! my situation is such as I can bear no longer.

Elf. Patience; for it ends to-morrow.

Emm. To-morrow!—to-morrow is a thousand years.—When the horse has all he can bear, a feather will break his back.

Elf. What's the matter!

Emm. Matter! why, in the first place, I have lived almost a month in a court——

Elf. That your sorrow?

Emm. That my sorrow! Yes—I that have always lived in my father's principality, fair Northumberland, where a noble simplicity of manners showed

the heart to be open and undesigning, have, by your persuasion and assistance, left it for a place where hypocrisy is avowed by the name of good-breeding; where the most shameful licentiousness is justified as gallantry; dissimulation and perfidy as address and good management; where self-interest is professed as the first principle of wisdom, and virtue and public spirit derided as extravagance and superstition.

Elf. But your dress was your defence.

Emm. O! it is my dress that exposes me to more than half that I suffer. When one of my own sex is in company, I am comparatively happy; but how unfit for a woman's ear is the conversation of men, when it is not restrained by knowing that a woman is present: I begin to fear that I should not have thought so well even of those men I have been used to converse with, if they had appeared to me as they appear to each other.—The friendship and confidence of these lords of the creation have almost robbed me, a weak woman, of my allegiance: I am frightened at the thought of living among them.

Elf. Fear not vices you detest.

Emm. Fear not! but what must I hope? O fairy! if I have implicitly followed your instructions; if I have hidden them in my breast from every friend, and even from good Northumberland my father, let me no longer suffer the anguish of suspense.

Elf. Persevere; believe; confide.

Emm. But I have yet found no object worthy of my love.

Elf. You must find, and know it not.
Such the fates ordain'd thy lot!

Emm. I know the mystery of my fate—that the happiness of my life depends upon my seeing and making a friend of the most beautiful and accomplish'd of men, without one thought of love—Alas!—forgive my doubts, my fear—should you—

Elf. Hold? of foul mistrust beware—To-morrow.

Emm. Well, then, till to-morrow—

Elf. Soft—unhallow'd feet are nigh!—
Florimond—

Emm. O! that wretch haunts me like my shadow. To rally me for what he calls my virtue, seems to be his supreme delight; he is proud of his own insensibility to what gives me pain: the confusion he throws me into, he considers as a test of his own abilities and accomplishments; and as vanity is his predominant passion, he is so assiduous to secure the enjoyment of his superiority, that I can scarce escape him one hour in the day.

Elf. He shall work thee wo and weal,
As to-morrow shall reveal.

Emm. But how? where?—dear, dear fairy!—

Elf. Ha, ha, ha! How and where must still perplex ye;

And, in kindness, I must vex ye—Ha, ha, ha!

[*Elfina disappears.*]

Emm. Gone!—Mystery, perplexity, and distress! She sports, too, with my anxiety! I almost wish I had not trusted her: but 'tis too late—Here comes Florimond, and my torment begins.

Enter FLORIMOND singing.

Flor. Ha! my little Gondibertus! have I found you?—What, all alone! (*Peeping about.*) Egad, I was in hopes there had been a wench in the case, and that I might have given thee joy of thy reformation.

Emm. Sir, I chose to be alone. Solitude is sometimes not only useful but pleasant.

Flor. Why, tis a fine moon-light evening, indeed—But what the devil—

Emm. I have sufficient subject for meditation, Sir; and I hope that, as there is to be a ball at the castle to-night, you would have been better engaged than to watch my privacy.

Flor. What! better engag'd than to raise such a recruit for the *beau monde* as thou art?—Come, come, thou shalt not thus steal away from good company to thyself.

Emm. Sir, upon my word, I'm fit company for none but myself at present.

Flor. Psha!—What, always muzzy, with a dismal countenance as long as a taylor's bill! Come, cheer up, boy, I've news for thee.

Emm. For me, Sir? [*Alarm'd.*]

Flor. Ay, to divert thee, I mean; that's all.

Emm. What, is it any thing uncommon then?

Flor. No, faith, not very uncommon neither; though, perhaps, thou may'st make a wonder of it.—'Tis only an heiress that's just run away with a young fellow.

Emm. That, indeed, is not so uncommon as might be wish'd. But who is she? is she of any fashion?

Flo. Yes, faith, she is of some fashion; Northumberland's fair daughter Emmeline, that's all—

Emm. Oh!

Flor. What, thy virtue is shock'd at the licentiousness of the age? Ha, ha, ha!—Or art thou a lover of the fair Emmeline's? hey!

Emm. (*Aside.*) What shall I say? My confusion will certainly betray me—'Twas only a sudden pain shot across my breast. But what particulars do you hear?

Flor. Why, it seems she got leave of her father to follow him hither; and it is just accidentally discovered, that she left his castle the next day, tho' she has not been here yet.

Emm. Well; but why do you therefore conclude that she's gone off with a man?

Flor. Why, only because the duke of Kent's son, Edgar, disappeared upon the same pretence, just at the same time; and both have been missing ever since.

Emm. And is this sufficient to authorise a positive assertion to the prejudice of a reputation, which hitherto not slander itself has presum'd to stain?

Flor. Ha, ha, ha! Not slander itself has presum'd to stain! Ha, ha, ha! [*Mimicking her.*]

Emm. (*Aside.*) O my heart! What new insult am I doom'd to suffer?—You'll excuse me, Sir, if up—

on this occasion I take the liberty to tell you, that your mirth is rather ill-tim'd, and—

Flor. Sir—do you know this fair lady, that you are so much dispos'd to become her knight-errant?

Emm. (Aside.) I must be cautious, or my zeal may discover me.—Sir, though I should not know her, it is my point of honour never to suffer the reputation of the absent to be wantonly sported away upon mere circumstances and surmise.

Flor. Your point of honour!—why, to be sure, all this is very fine. But I'll tell you a secret, my dear—As unstain'd as you may think the fair Emmeline's reputation, there is a certain humble servant of yours, that shall be nameless, who has some small reason to think, that a certain piece of brittle ware, which she had the keeping of, may be a little crack'd—or so.

Emm. (Aside.) A wretch! who never saw me but in this disguise—You are well acquainted with her then?

Flor. Why—I am——

Emm. And pray, what kind of a woman is she?

Flor. Why she's a pretty——upon my word, a very pretty wench.

Emm. But is she tall, or short, or brown, or fair?

Flor. You have never seen her, you say?

Emm. No more than I do this moment.

Flor. (Aside.) Then I may venture—Why, she is fair, tall, and slender; has a fine neck, a very fine neck! her limbs remarkably well-turn'd; her leg and ankle the finest I ever saw——

Emm. (*distressed and confounded.*) Oh!

Flor. Ay—I thought I should set you a-longing : but come, she's not to be had at present, it seems ; —so no more of her.

Emm. I cannot so easily dismiss her as you may imagine ; and yet, perhaps, you may mistake the reason.

Flor. Very likely, faith ; but what is it ?

Emm. Why, I am astonish'd that you make so light of what has happen'd to her ; whether you consider it as the loss of a mistress, or whether as a misfortune to a woman you must be suppos'd to have lov'd, and to whom you must have had obligations of the strongest and most tender kind : one of these lights you must see it in.

Flor. Why, my dear, as to that, I am extremely easy about losing her ; for between you and I—I cou'd spare her. I must, indeed, confess, that I was very fond of her once ; but, 'faith, the obligations were all on her side—'Tis among ourselves.

Emm. (*Aside.*) O, my heart! what a monstrous compound of vanity and lies is this?—How so, pray Sir?

Flor. Why, I us'd to meet her in her father's park night after night, at the risque of my life ; and, i'gad, what with the danger, and what with the fatigue, I grew tir'd of her ; and, to tell you the truth, provided her another lover, to make good my retreat. 'Tis among ourselves.

Emm. Well said—and who was that, Sir?

Flor. The very same Edgar that she is now run

away with. I thought it would be a pretty thing for him; for he is one of your fighting fellows, that is never so happy as when he's in danger—but I'm sorry he has been so indiscreet.

Emm. Pray, Sir—excuse me—I don't pretend to question the truth of what you say: but there are some difficulties in the story that I should be glad to have clear'd up—If you was so much in the lady Emmeline's good graces, and had, as you say, no dislike to her person, how came you not to think of marrying her? Such an alliance, I presume, would not have dishonour'd you.—I shall confound him now. [*Aside.*

Flor. Marrying her!—I'gad, she knew a trick worth two o' that: I would have married her; and I told her so. “My dear Florimond,” says she—her arm was then lying negligently cross my shoulder, thus—and she look'd archly at me, thus—“My dear, Florimond,” says she, “why should you and I, that have now only the power of making each other happy, suffer a doating old priest to give us the power of making each other miserable? If you were to be my husband, you might cease to be my lover; and then,” says she, “with a most roguish leer, “perhaps I might be tempted to take another; you would tyrannize, I should rebel; you would enjoy nothing but the hope of breaking my heart, and I should enjoy nothing but the hope of breaking yours.”

Emm. (*Aside.*) Still, still I draw upon myself more confusion.—But why, then, did she run away

with Edgar? That must ruin her schemes both of interest and pleasure.

Flor. Nay, how the devil can I tell that?

[Emmeline walks apart, confus'd and embarrass'd.]

Flor. What, in your reveries!—Thou art now musing on some virtuous love, like an ever faithful lover tell death—ha, ha, ha!—Come, come;—psha, don't be a fool; some kind wench now would cure you—I'gad, what think you of Elfrida?—Come along, we'll call at her apartment: perhaps she's dressing, and we shall be admitted to her toilet. Upon my soul, a fine figure of a woman! a little masculine, that's all; but, take my word for it, a delicious morsel for all that!—Hark ye—if you are not sheepish, she'll not be coy: 'tis among ourselves,—I tell you as a friend; faith, I don't love to monopolize—I'll just tickle up her fancy a little, and leave you together. Come——

Emm. Pray, Sir——

Flor. I will, faith.

Emm. I must insist——

Flor. Nay, come along, come along.

[Lays hold of her.]

Emm. Sir, I must absolutely be excus'd at present.

Flor. Why, what a plague is it now that thou hast taken into thy head?

Emm. Sir, I have an affair that at present requires me to be alone; which I cannot further explain, than——

Flor. Say no more, say no more. (*Aside.*) I'gad,

I have guess'd it now—A challenge?—Why, there's light enough for two people to cut one another's throats by, to be sure—I'll away—Well, my dear, if I must leave you to the dew and the moonshine, I must;—but d'ye hear, 'faith, I'll to Elfrida—will you follow me? If you don't stay too long, you'll find an *attendrissement* that you may be oblig'd to your humble servant for;—that's all—'tis among ourselves.——Adieu. [Exit.

Emm. Why, fare thee well, thou---wretch, without a name.—What will, what can become of me! What is it that prompts this fool, whom as I never knew I never could provoke, to wrong me thus?—Is it a sacrifice to his vanity? or is it mere wantonness and sport? Pray heav'n this fairy don't deceive me!—What shall I do?—I must see her, and take her counsel in this new distress.

(She takes off her ring, and touches it thrice; but the Fairy does not appear.)

Ha!---sure I dream!---Forlorn, deserted!---this perfidious goblin!---Again I touch it; once---and twice---and thrice---and yet she is not here---O! I could---But though I see her not, she may be near me, to hear and punish the complaints which her unkindness forces from me---To whom can I now ease my heart?---O! sacred friendship!---but here I have no friend. Elfrida---yes, she indeed, as if by some secret sympathy, claims my confidence: and my heart tells me she deserves it---Yes, I will trust her with my secret: she will be a witness for me against this slander, and assist me with her advice. [Exit.

The Scene changes to Edgar's apartment, and discovers him at a toilet, dressing in the character of Elfrida; a woman attending.

Edg. Here, give me the ribbons.—Get you gone
—I'll call you when I want you.

Wom. (*aside.*) This lady has the strangest humours!
[*Exit.*]

Edg. Was ever man in such ridiculous distress? I'm sure I ne'er knew any thing like it since I was Edgar the son of Kent. Here have I had a young tempting girl fiddle-faddling about me these two hours to dress me, forsooth—with an officious handiness so provoking, that no virtue under that of a stock-fish could endure it patiently.—Yet an old woman upon these occasions I cannot bear:—and in short, I can no longer bear a young one.—It is my fate, they say, to be miserable if I don't get acquainted with the finest girl in England, without wishing for her; and I was told by a little goblin that started up before me, after it had led me, under the appearance of a Jack o' Lantern, into a wood, that if I could spend the king's hunting-month here in this disguise, all would be right: but how my being in petticoats should make me less likely to love a fine girl, I cannot conceive! A fine girl, indeed, may be less likely to love me; but as to myself, it is high time for me to get into breeches, that I may get out of temptation.—Here they flock about me—one sits down just before me, and without any ceremony,

ties her garter—another gets me to adjust her tucker.—I'm the witness of so many pranks, and the confident of so many secrets!—Then I have my hours of mortification too: I am tormented by a swarm of profligate fops, who try to debauch every woman they see with as little concern as they take snuff;—wretches who are as destitute of love as they are of virtue, and have as little enjoyment as they have understanding!—And here I am oblig'd to mince, and pish, and fie—and affect to blush—'sdeath, when I'm bursting with indignation, and long to knock 'em down—I'll bear it no longer.

(Elfina suddenly appears from under the toilet, and places herself before him.)

Edg. Ha! what, again!

Elf. Again.

Edg. Art thou my good or evil genius? Tell me.

Elf. As you think me, you shall find me.

Edg. I will think thee, then, my good genius; for I would fain find thee so.

Elf. You must trust me too, or else—

Edg. Trust you!—Look at the figure I make here, and then judge if I have not trusted you.

Elf. But your virtue must be tried.

Edg. Tried!—By what new torments would you try it? Have I not suffered the two worst things in nature, temptation and suspense? Have not I—

Elf. No—you have not persevered: all is lost if you give out.

Edg. Resolve my doubts, then; torment me no longer with suspense: let me be certain of the event and I will be an anchorite, in spite of this habit and all its works, a month longer.

Elf. Well—Observe me, then, and learn.

Edg. (*eagerly.*) What shall I learn?

Elf. Patience, Edgar!—Fare thee well. Ha, ha!

(*A machine rises under her and carries her away.*)

Edg. Derided, and forsaken!—I doubt this is one of the wanton and mischievous elves that tantalize poor mortals for their own diversion: however, as I have played in the farce so long, I'll not stop in the last scene.——

Enter WOMAN.

Wom. Ma'am, here's my Lord Trifle has sent his compliments to your la'ship, and begs to know whether he shall have the honour of waiting upon your la'ship to the ball.

Edg. (*recovering his female attitude and accent.*) My compliments, am much oblig'd to his lordship but am engag'd.

Wom. Yes, Ma'am.

Edg. Hark ye—

Wom. Ma'am.

Edg. Has Gondibert call'd here this evening?

Wom. No, Ma'am.

Edg. Nor sent?

Wom. No, Ma'am.

[*Exit.*

Edg. There's a man, now, who might atone for the vices of the whole sex! I am so anxious to recom-

mend myself to him, even in this disguise ; and feel such a reluctance to do any thing that may disgust him, even while he thinks me a woman : that when he is present, I labour to make my manner suit with my appearance, I know not how, by a kind of involuntary effort. . How strange is the rapidity with which some minds unite !

Enter WOMAN.

Wom. Ma'am, there's Count Florimond.

Edg. Did not I tell you——

Wom. Yes, Ma'am ; and I told him—But he said he knew your la'ship was at home, and that he must see you.

Edg. Must see me !

Wom. Yes, Ma'am ; and though I told him your la'ship was a-dressing, yet he would follow me——O Lord, he's the strongest man—He's here, an please your la'ship——

Enter FLORIMOND.

Edg. (*Aside.*) What a farce must I now act ! Pray heav'n it has not a tragical catastrophe !

Flor. My dear goddess !

Edg. Lord, how can you be so monstrous rude !—bursting into one's dressing room—and putting one into such flurries——

(*He fumbles at pinning on a breast-knot.*)

Flor. That your heart beats in concert with mine—The dear toilet is not more the altar of beauty than of love—Permit me the honour, Ma'am, of assisting to place that envied ornament on your bosom.

Edg. Lord, Sir!—I beg—not for the world—you quite confound me——

Flor. (*pressing.*) My life! my angel——

(*Catches him hastily round the waist, and endeavours to kiss him; upon which, Edgar gives him a smart blow on the ear.*)

Edg. Nay, then there is no expedient——

Flor. (*retreating backward.*) Ma'am!——

[*Edgar stamps, and Florimond starts and retreats farther back at the same time.*]

EMMELINE, as Gondibert, appears at the door.

Flor. I protest Ma'am—— [Frighted.

Edg. (*sternly.*) And I protest, Sir——

Flor. Ma'am, I beg——

Edg. And I beg, Sir——

Flor. (*turning and seeing Gondibert.*) O——

Ma'am your most humble servant. [Going.

Emm. (*Aside to Flor.*) Sir—I am under very great obligations to you—but I would not have you tickle up her fancy any more, upon my account.

Flor. Deuse take you!—I wish you had been as near her as I was.

(*Is going, but again stops and adjusts his wig by a pocket mirror.*)

Edg. (*to Emmeline, recovering himself, and adjusting his dress.*) Lord, Sir—I'm in such a flurry—I, I, I I'm very sorry I should have been provok'd to any thing so unbecoming the delicacy of my sex.

Flor. Upon my soul, so am I too——Sir, your humble servant. [Exit.

Emm. You have no reason to apologize for your indignation, Madam; though your blow was something spirited, I must confess.

Edg. I'm in such confusion, Sir—and he has made me such a figure!—to treat me with indecent familiarities!

Emm. Dear Madam, compose yourself, and think no more of him. He has not been much better company to me than he has to you, I'll assure you.

Edg. Lord, Sir, you surprise me!—Pray, what impertinence has he been guilty of to you?

Emm. He has been filling my ears with scandal, Madam; a subject which seems to be equally suitable both to his abilities and disposition! He has been telling me, that Edgar—

Edg. Who, Sir? [Hastily.]

Emm. Edgar, Madam, the son of the earl of Kent—

Edg. What of him, Sir?—What scandal has he spread of Edgar?—

Emm. (*Aside.*) Ha! so interested!—She loves him, sure.

Edg. Let me conjure you, Sir, if this wretch has said any thing to dishonour Edgar, you would tell it to me.

Emm. (*Aside.*) It must be so—Your very earnestness forbids me, Madam.

Edg. I know I'm mov'd and you must think it strange.

Emm. (*surpriz'd at the masculine tone and manner into which his earnestness involuntarily betrays him.*) Strange! indeed!—

Edg. Perhaps, 'tis stranger still than you can think.

Emm. Your manner, Madam——

Edg. No, matter—Forms and modes become trifles too small for notice, when they stand in competition with a friend's good name.

Emm. [*Aside.*] Her love is to distraction—She frights me, and is not to be trusted——

Edg. Let me conjure you—tell me—

Emm. I cannot tell you, Madam.

Edg. Cannot!

Emm. I ought not—Trust me, there are reasons—Let it suffice, that in the story I have heard, a lady's honour is as much concerned as Edgar's; that the slander cannot interest you more than me; that I will do my utmost to make its falsehood so notorious, that it cannot be believ'd; and I intreat that, as you tender your peace, you would as yet inquire no farther—I know myself not proof against your importunity; and therefore you will excuse me, if, having no other way, I save myself by flight. [*Exit.*

[*Edgar runs out after her, but returns.*

Edg. Curse on this cumbersome habit! I cannot overtake him. Was ever any thing so vexatious! I have been defam'd by some scandalous falsehood, and I must do my honour justice—I can at a small expense of dissimulation, get that wretch, Florimond, to repeat to me all that he has told to Gondibert: I will do it—and I will as yet lie in ambush under this disguise, to make sure of my blow. [*Exit.*

EMMELINE, as *Gondibert*, re-enters.

Emm. She's gone!—What can I, or what ought I to do? if I had told her the story, I must have discovered myself to convince her it could not be true: but who knows what a jealous woman might have thought upon finding the very person who is said to have gone off with her lover in so strange a disguise?—Yet she will certainly contrive to hear it from Florimond; and then, good heaven! what will she suffer if I do not convince her that it is false!—I must, I will trust her—I have no other chance to save her, but by making a discovery, which, if I had really gone off with Edgar, it is certain, I should not have made, especially to her. But I must not intrude upon her now: I will plant myself where I may intercept her before she can see Florimond, and trust to generous friendship for the event. [Exit.

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Terrace at Windsor Castle.*

Enter FLORIMOND, with a letter.

Florimond.

AYE—she was oblig'd to be angry, because that fool Gondibert appear'd just in the critical minute at the door—Pox take him!—I might have known it was not natural by her overdoing it—it was, indeed, overdone with a vengeance! But now she's in the panicks, lest I should resent it. Now she has something to say—and—if I am disengag'd—she will be glad to meet me upon the terrace. If I should humble her now, and not meet her—but that would be cruel. I will, however, take some state upon me—I will look a little formal; it may save me some trouble in my future advances—Here she comes.

Enter EDGAR, still disguis'd as Elfrida.

(Florimond receives him with an air of negligent haughtiness, and makes a formal bow.)

Edg. Sir, I hope you will not take any advantage of my weakness—

Flor. (turning from her.) Weakness! pox on you!—Your weakness don't lie in your arm, I'm sure o' that.

Edg. (following.) Or suppose, Sir, that whatever reason I may have for desiring this meeting——What airs the wretch gives himself! (*Aside.*)——I say, Sir, that you would not suppose——I cannot contain myself—— [*Aside.*

Flor. Poor soul! what confusion! I will relax a little of my severity. (*Aside.*)——Madam, I will suppose nothing, but that you have given me another opportunity of hearing your commands.

Edg. I think, Sir, you was telling Gondibert a certain affair between you and Edgar and a lady; and something that, by his manner of telling it, I could not very well understand.

Flor. (Aside.) Aye——a very good introduction——a love-story is a most excellent prelude to a love-scene——I perceive we are to adjourn——Why, Madam, a certain fair lady call'd Emmeline has thought fit to make Edgar as happy as any man can be made, except him, Madam, whom you shall please to honour with the same favour——Upon my soul, she's a fine creature!

Edg. Sir, your compliments really put me so out of countenance——that I shall blush to death——

Flor. Your blushes are so becoming, Madam, that——

Edg. Give me leave, Sir, to intreat that you would at present spare my confusion, and tell me all the particulars of that affair which have come to your knowledge.

Flor. Aye—She wants a luscious description, now. (*Aside.*)—Why, Madam, I presume that Edgar, being fir'd with the charms of Emmeline, first gaz'd languishingly upon her; caught her eyes the first time they were casually turn'd upon him; when, to a soft confusion, she hastily turn'd her look downward, and blush'd; he took her hand, first pressing it gently in his own, then raising it to his lips; then, Madam, I presume he might proceed in—

Edg. Sir!—I shall certainly be out of patience, and knock him down. (*Aside.*)—Sir, if you have any desire to oblige me—or have any expectations, Sir, of favours—Not, Sir, that I—

Flor. My dear angel, keep me no longer in suspense; let me know your commands, that I may fulfil the condition of— [*Pressing.*

Edg. (*drawing back.*) Hold, Sir—You must then, without farther delay or interruption, give me a direct answer to a few short questions.

Flor. Why, Madam, it shall then be in your own way.

Edg. First then, Sir, are you acquainted with Edgar, the young heir of Kent?

Flor. Why, Madam, to proceed implicitly as you direct, I believe there are few persons who know more of that gentleman than your humble servant.

Edg. (*Aside.*) Matchless impudence!—And pray, Sir, what kind of a youth is he?

Flor. (*Aside.*) I see by her curiosity she don't know him.—Why, Madam, the youth is a, a, a, rather soft—a green youth, Madam, as we say—

Edg. Sir, these are terms that I do not perfectly comprehend; and therefore I beg you would be more explicit.

Flor. Why then, explicitly, Madam, he is, upon my soul, a shallow fellow—a very shallow fellow, faith——'Tis among ourselves.

Edg. He is?

Flor. He is indeed, Madam——The poor devil has some aukward good-nature, and I have a kindness for him; but, between you and I, he'll never be so much a man of honour as I could wish him.

Edg. (*forgetting his feminine character, and running up to him.*) How, villain!——

Flor. (*frightened, and drawing back.*) Ma'am!——

Edg. (*Aside.*) What have I done! (*He draws himself again into form.*) To think of villainy in people that, by their rank, are set up as examples to others, quite transports me out of myself—Heigh ho!—It has quite overcome me.

[*Affects to be faint, and takes out a smelling-bottle.*]

Flor. (*Aside.*) What a terrible virago it is!——
May I presume, Madam, to lend you my hand?

[*Approaching cautiously.*]

Edg. It is over, Sir——I'm so subject to flurries—and my poor nerves are so shattered——I'm extremely oblig'd to you for this character of Edgar——To have been guilty of any thing base!——

Flor. Very base, I assure you, Madam.

Edg. Sir!——(*Assuming a fierce masculine air, but instantly correcting himself.*)

Flor. Ma'am! (*Starting back.*)——Fore gad, she's

mad!—and, upon my soul, in my opinion, dam-
nably mischievous. [*Aside.*

Edg. Give me leave, Sir—as well as I am able
—to ask you what in particular has—but I see
company coming—If we walk this way, we shall
avoid them.

Flor. (*Aside.*) Avoid them!—Heaven forbid—
Perhaps, Madam, another time—

Edg. Sir, I shall die if my curiosity is not grati-
fied.

Flor. Madam—at present, I am—

Edg. Sir, I beg—for my reputation, that we
may not be surpris'd together while I'm in this dis-
order.

Flor. By no means, Madam—let us part this
moment—If you'll go off one way, I'll go the
other.

Edg. O not for the world!—To be seen to part
hastily, upon being observed together, would be the
subject of eternal scandal—Let me beg the favour
of your arm— [*Lays hold of his arm.*

Flor. (*crying out.*) Lard Gad, Madam!—

Edg. Sir!

Flor. You'll pinch it through.

Edg. Lord, Sir, 'tis my fright—One naturally
clasps any thing hard in a fright.

Flor. Madam, you do me honour—

[*Edgar holds his arm; he keeps as far off as he can,
and fixes his eyes upon him as they go out.*

By the heavens! she has the gripe of a bum-bailiff.
(*Aside.*) [*Exeunt.*

SCENE. *The dark Grove.*

‘ Enter ELFINA.

‘ *Elf.* Sister! sister! [*Grotilla suddenly appears.*

‘ *Grot.* ————— Here am I.

‘ *Elf.* Now the fated hour is nigh,

‘ Keep the lovers in your eye.

‘ Each to each shall soon be known;

‘ Each for each was born alone.

‘ *Grot.* Florimond, the caitiff vile——

‘ *Elf.* They shall prosper by his guile:

‘ (Evil we for good permit)

‘ This their friendship’s knot shall knit.

‘ But the fated hour is nigh——

‘ Come, ye elves, whose minds perceive,

‘ By secret impulse, what I will;

‘ Come, your sports this moment leave,

‘ And what I ordain fulfil.

‘ [*Many Fairies suddenly appear.*

‘ Now the fated hour is nigh,

‘ To rites that charm from ill apply.

‘ Form the circle on the dew,

‘ [*They form a ring.*

‘ Round, and round, the track renew——

‘ [*They dance.*

‘ Mark it thrice, and thrice again——

‘ Join with me the magic strain.

‘ SONG.

‘ By the bat’s nocturnal flight

‘ O’er the sleeping plants and flow’rs;

- ‘ By the moon’s inconstant light,
- ‘ Potent spell of midnight-hours——
- ‘ By the ring of various dyes,
- ‘ Circling oft the silver ball;
- ‘ By the genial mists that rise,
- ‘ By the virgin dewes that fall——
- ‘ By the meteor’s gleamy spark,
- ‘ Wand’ring o’er the reedy lake;
- ‘ Stars that shoot athwart the dark,
- Lights from polar skies that break;
- ‘ By night, and all things that to night pertain——
- ‘ Ye rival powers, from adverse arts abstain!
- ‘ Intrude not now my purpose to contest;
- ‘ But let the pair that I would bless, be blest.
- ‘ *Elf.* Cease, the fated hour is nigh!
- ‘ Cease, and to the castle fly!
- ‘ Careful watch the great event,
- ‘ Finish’d ere the day be spent.
- ‘ [*Fairies and the scene disappear together.*]

Enter EMMELINE, still disguised as GONDIBERT.

Emm. She’s gone out, and I have unfortunately missed her—She’s certainly gone to Florimond——Ha! yonder they are——Yes, it is certainly so——What violent emotion!——Now they move hastily forward—Now she stops short—her gestures are scarce feminine—Now she recovers herself—Florimond, too, seems to be frighted out of his gallantry, and extremely willing to put an end to the conversation——’Tis over! he leaves her, and she comes this way.——Yes, I will open my whole heart to

her; not for my sake now, but her own. Whatever are the first sallies of her surprise and passion, she must at length feel and return my friendship.—
Here she comes: I must not accost her too abruptly.

[Retires to a little distance.]

Enter EDGAR, still as ELFRIDA. Seeing EMMELINE, he stops short.

Edg. Ha! Gondibert—I know the generous reason, now, of his reserve. In this disguise, what could my interest in Edgar appear to him but love?—and if it had been so, how must I have been hurt by what he had to tell me!—But he is not less interested in the lady—so he said—Sure then he is to Emmeline what he thought Edgar was to me!—Let me, then, repay his generous kindness; let me discover, not only what, but who I am, to convince him that the tale is false, which, if true, must destroy his peace. *[Going up to Emmeline]*—You need not shun me, Sir; I have now nothing to ask that you would wish to conceal; I have only to request, that you would forgive me for having violated your injunction not to satisfy the curiosity you had raised. I am apprised of your kind, your generous motive; and it has inspired my breast with all that it is possible I should feel for you, a grateful and ardent friendship.

Emm. Your love, Madam, I make no doubt is fixed on a much nobler and more deserving object, Edgar, I presume—

Edg. My connection with Edgar, Sir, is indeed,

in some sense, the reason why your merit cannot make an impression, which I am not ashamed to say it might otherwise have done : and yet, Sir, let me confess that I am not affected by the story of his disappearing with Emmeline, as you might reasonably imagine, because I know for certain that it cannot be true.

Emm. (hastily.) Ha! that it cannot be true---

Edg. I now owe your friendship a discovery, if indeed it is a discovery, which I was prompted by mere regard to myself to have made before : I think there is a connection between you and Emmeline, that-----

Emm. There is indeed, a connection, Madam---a secret which you convince me it is now in vain to affect to hide-----

Edg. Let me, then, claim it---But let me first, as a pledge of that friendship which I hope shall end but with our lives, give for your secret mine-----

Emm. Do not, then, keep me longer in suspense ; for still the more we talk, the more I am perplex'd. ---(*Aside.*) What can her secret be?

Edg. Why, then, in the first place, Sir,---I am---a man.-----

Emm. (Aside, with great emotion, which she labours to conceal.) A man!---Good Heaven! what will become of me?

Edg. And now let me at once embrace you as a friend : punctilios and forms no longer part us---

[*As Edgar advances eagerly to Emmeline, she hides her face, and appears in great confusion.*]

Edg. (*hastily.*) What ails my friend?

Emm. O! you have ruin'd all my pleasing project
---prevented---but no matter---

Edg. This is amazing! For Heav'n's sake, what
d'ye mean?---You was not, sure, enamour'd of my
person---

Emm. O! no---You still mistake---

Edg. Then tell me my mistake; for we may now
converse on even terms: our hearts may now be
opened to each other, without the forms and the re-
serve prescribed in friendships with the softer sex.

Emm. O! still you wander, wider and wider still
---I cannot speak---

Edg. You must---There is a secret which, but
now, your heart was ready to reveal---

Emm. And then I thought it known---but now---

Edg. Now my warm heart has claim'd you for my
friend-----

Emm. And now to tell it, is impossible---I cannot
tell it--and if I could, you would not find the friend-
ship that you hope-----

[*Edgar looks earnestly at her, wondering and em-
barrass'd.*]

(*Aside.*) I sicken at his sight---Oh my heart!

Edg. I'm all perplexity and wonder!---Your co-
lour comes and goes, like a sick girl's---(*She becomes
more confused, as he marks her confusion*)-----You
tremble!---Heavens! he faints!---(*He catches her in
his arms, and discovers her breast.*) By all my wonder
and my joy, a woman!---How lovely her confusion!
---O let my bosom warm thee back to life! Look

up, and trust the honour of my love: you shall not whisper what you would conceal; nor will I seek to know it. *[She recovers.]*

Emm. O! let me hide me from myself---my sex thus known---in this disguise! Where shall my conscious blushes find a veil?---Who are you? Tell me, that I may hide me from your sight for ever.

Edg. Oh! no---On that condition, let me ne'er be known.

Emm. Yet tell me---trust me-----

Edg. Trust thee! Yes, with my life I'd trust thee.---Thy friend!---O! know me by a softer name---is Kent's young heir; that Edgar you have heard so falsely and so wantonly traduc'd.

Emm. Still wonders crowd on wonders!

Edg. I dream myself, or this is all enchantment.

Emm. So might you think, indeed, if more you knew me.

Edg. Let me, then, know thee more, whom now I know as the most fair and gentle of thy sex; whom yet I saw and loved without desire---my pledge of happiness!---May I be thine!---But yet I rave---thy fate was not like Edgar's-----

Emm. Spare me---thy words have pow'r, which yet thou know'st not.

Edg. O! take me from the rack! My thoughts grow wild!---There is, indeed, a maid, whose fate I've heard was such as mine---that Emmeline---O! Heav'n, that Emmeline, in whom I thought thy interest, love!-----O! yes, it must, it shall---thou, thou art she!

Emm. Leave me, or I shall die with my confusion.

Edg. Let me support thee, hide thee in my breast, where thou shalt breathe thy answer in a sigh.-----
Art thou not Emmeline, my fated love?

Emm. If Emmeline be thy fated love---I am---

Edg. Still let me clasp thee closer, and closer still; calm all the tumults of thy feeling mind, and soothe thee into confidence by love.

Emm. No; let me now retire; for in this dress I cannot bear to see myself or you.

Edg. Yet stay---forgive the violence I do you. My fame and yours are wantonly traduc'd; 'tis fit that we do justice to them both, and punish the traducer.

Emm. He is not worth resentment.

Edg. He is for others sakes, though not his own.
---I have a thought, would Emmeline but join---

Emm. Tell me, then, quickly.

Edg. Send him a challenge in behalf of Emmeline, as Gondibert; and meet him, not as Gondibert, but Emmeline: I will take care to be present, not as Elfrida, but Edgar: he will then be self-convicted as a liar, by knowing neither of the persons he has defam'd; and we may farther punish him as we please.

Emm. Well, I will try at this; but now dismiss me.

[*She breaks from his hand, and runs off.*]

Edg. Farewel, my love!---How has the hand of heav'n vouchsafed to guide me through all the mazes of my fate to bliss! Even my revenge, my justice rather, upon that wretch, whose very folly is envenom'd, shall be complete---But a mind so

base can never be brave---Suppose he should not come---He's here.

Enter FLORIMOND. Seeing EDGAR, he stops short.

Flor. Gad take me----this damn'd madwoman is certainly fated to be my death.

[Edgar advances towards him; he draws back, and looks frighted.]

Edg. Sir, I am so shock'd when I reflect upon the indecorums that my passions have made me guilty of to you, and my poor spirits are so flurried, that I really am not able to make my apology.

Flor. Ma'am, I am extremely sorry-----and, Ma'am, I must absolutely fly from your ladyship's apology--- *[Going.]*

Edg. Sir, I must beg the favour of your ear for a few minutes----I hope, Sir, you will pardon my confusion---I have something to say to you, Sir, that-----Let me beg, Sir, that you would come a little nearer-----

Flor. (Aside.) Pox on her---she wants to fasten her damn'd claws upon me again--- *(To her.)* Your commands, Madam, always do me honour----and, upon my soul, always leave me black and blue.

[Aside.]

Edg. I have just heard, Sir, something that has flustered me to such a degree---

Flor. (Aside.) Ay---another fright! she'll certainly lay hold of me--- *(Retiring.)* Ma'am---a, a, a, I hope there's no danger threatens your ladyship---

Edg. Not directly me, Sir; nor indeed much dan-

ger to you : but I was willing you should be prepar'd---

Flor. Danger---prepar'd-----For heav'n's sake, Madam, what d'ye mean?

Edg. Why, Gondibert, Sir---you'll excuse my freedom---Lard, that I should be so indiscreet--- I'm sensible that the interest I take in this affair may be liable to constructions of such a nature--- that---

Flor. Lord, Ma'am, if there is any villainous design against me, I beseech you to let me know it--- (*Looking about.*) Perhaps we had better change our ground ; some villain may be taking aim at me as I stand.

Edg. You need not be under such apprehensions, Sir ; it is a matter of no consequence---It is only that Gondibert is to send you a challenge for the liberty you have taken with lady Emmeline ; that's all---

Flor. Oh, if 'tis only an intention of Gondibert to cut my throat, to be sure, that's a matter of no consequence---A bloody-minded ruffian ! [*Aside.*]

Edg. Why, Sir, to my certain knowledge, Gondibert knows no more of a sword than a girl of eighteen ; and has not a grain more courage.

Flor. (*taking courage.*) Why, as to that, Madam---

Edg. As to that, Sir, I am confident it would make no difference to you ; but as I know he won't fight, and only presumes upon an insolent opinion that Count Florimond's courage is as questionable as his own.

Flor. (*blustering.*) How, Madam !

Edg. Lard, Sir, if you are so violent, I shall certainly fall into my tremors---I shall certainly want the support of your arm.

Flor. (*Aside.*) Mercy upon me! and I shall want but very little killing afterwards if you do.

Edg. I say, Sir, I think he should be properly exposed; and I hope you'll act accordingly.

Flor. Madam---excuse me---a coward is my aversion; and you may depend upon his being chastised with most exemplary severity---But I should be sorry to mistake his character. (*Aside.*)---You know he won't fight?---

Edg. (*a little hastily.*) Sir, if you suspect my veracity---

Flor. O Lord, Madam---no, not in the least.

Edg. You'll excuse me, Sir: I am really ashamed---of the liberty I have taken-----Sir, your humble servant. [*Exit.*]

Flor. Madam, your most obedient---Thank heav'n she's gone---It was a lucid interval; but it would not have been of much longer continuance. I'm oblig'd to her though for her information---indeed am I---Egad, I'll make a figure in this business---But if the challenge is coming, I must be at home to receive it. [*Exit.*]

‘ Enter several FAIRIES.

‘ 1 Fairy. Come away, come away!

‘ We have jubilee to-day.

‘ 2 Fairy. Wherefore, wherefore?

‘ 3 Fairy. Tell me.

‘ 4 Fairy. Tell me.

- ‘ 1 *Fairy*. Ere the ev’ning sheds the dew,
 ‘ You shall know; and you, and you.
 ‘ 2 *Fairy*. What is finish’d?
 ‘ 3 *Fairy*. What is plan’d?
 ‘ 1 *Fairy*. Peace—the sisters are at hand.’

*Enter ELFINA ‘and GROTILLA, with many FAIRIES
 ‘ in grotesque characters.’*

Elf. Now we triumph!—now ’tis past!
 Spells are broken, joy shall last!
 Let the voice of music rise;
 Music, grateful to the skies.

AIR, with Chorus.

We triumph, we triumph, with victory blest;
 And beauty and truth are of pleasure possess’d.
 Let mortals be told, and rejoice in the sound,
 “No lovers henceforward by fate shall be bound:”
 There’s now no conditions of pleasure but two,
 Which they all may fulfil—to be tender and true.

Da capo.

- ‘ *Elf*. Now let ev’ry elf and fay
 ‘ Dance the laughing hours away:
 ‘ Let your nimble feet rebound,
 ‘ Lightly from the daisied ground;
 ‘ Trip it round, and round, and round.

[A dance.

- ‘ *Elf*. (*stopping suddenly.*) Hist---a mortal foot is
 ‘ nigh;

‘ None must here remain but I.

*[Exeunt all but Elfina, who retires to the back of
 ‘ the stage.’*

Enter FLORIMOND.

Flor. This is the place, and this is the time—but I see no signs of my little Gondibertus—Ha! here comes a *bona roba*, whom I have not the honour to know.—Egad, this affair will turn out with an eclat—very much to my honour—I'll make the most of it: I'll let her into my business here, without seeming to see her.

[Emmeline enters in her own habit, and observes him. He affects not to see her; but walks hastily to and again, often looking on his watch, affecting great impatience, and speaking as to himself.]

A paltroon! not to meet me upon his own challenge—I'll make him know what it is to insult a man of honour—If the wretch had met me, I would have given him his life; but now to spare him—a scandal to mankind! Ha! (*Affects to be surprised at seeing Emmeline.*) Death! interrupted and discovered!—(*Half aside.*) Madam—I protest---I am confounded---I am afraid that my natural impetuosity has a, a, a—

Emm. Sir, I am very sorry that I should have intruded upon your privacy; but, perhaps, I have prevented something that would have had worse consequences.

Flor. Madam, I am not at liberty—

Emm. By the few words, Sir, which now involuntarily escaped you, I know that you are waiting here upon an affair of honour---but I entreat---

Flor. Madam, it is impossible---nothing but his life can atone for the insult.

Emm. You will excuse a woman, tho' a stranger, Sir, upon such an occasion : may I entreat to know, Sir, who has had the misfortune to incur the resentment of a gentleman, who seems so little to deserve ill treatment and so able to punish it?

Flor. Madam, you do me honour.---She is making advances already. (*Aside.*)---Why, Madam, as the treatment I have received makes it an act of justice to tell what I should otherwise rather die than discover, I will comply with your request---Hem! A little dirty dependant upon the court, here, Madam, one Gondibert, thought fit to send me a challenge, upon account of something I happened to say concerning a lady, in whose good graces I happened to be, and whom a foolish young fellow that I was a friend to, has thought fit to run away with; and, Madam, though I have so far treated him like a gentleman as to accept his challenge, he has not come to the place appointed, and it is now half an hour past the time.

Emm. (*looking out.*) Methinks I see somebody at a distance coming this way; perhaps that may be the gentleman-----

Flor. (*starting, and looking out as afraid.*) Ah! egad that's certainly he---(*Aside.*) Now, if he should not be a coward at last---Madam, a, a, a, for God's sake retire---for---a, a, a.

Emm. Sir, I believe it will not be necessary; for I'm pretty sure now that the gentleman is a friend of mine-----

Flor. A friend of yours, Madam! pray, who is he?

Emm. A gentleman, Sir, who, I am sure, will be extremely glad to be better known to you.

Enter EDGAR, in his proper dress.

Emm. (Aside.) Yes, 'tis he, 'tis Edgar! with what elegance and dignity he looks the man.

Edg. (Aside.) How soft, how lovely, in her female dress!

Emm. (to Florimond.) Sir, as we are now no longer alone, I may confess that I am not altogether a stranger to your person or your merit.—*(To Edgar.)* Sir, this is Florimond, a gentleman to whom both you and I have some obligations, which I believe he is not at present aware of.

Flor. Upon my word, Madam, you absolutely confound me—this excessive honour—is it possible that I should have been so happy as to confer obligations—Pray, Madam, may I crave the honour of your name?

Edg. Do you not at all recollect that lady, Sir?

Flor. Upon my soul, Sir, I cannot say that I do.

Edg. Who, now, do you think it can possibly be, of all that your polite generosity has oblig'd?

Flor. Let me perish, Sir, if I can tell.

Edg. Why, Sir, that lady is one Emmeline; with whom, as she tells me, you was formerly most intimately acquainted; and whom you lately conversed with, Sir, in disguise, by the name of Gondibert:

'tis among ourselves—What! quite confounded, Sir?

Flor. (recovering himself.) Ha, ha, ha! confounded! Ha, ha, ha! No, no, Sir: you have had your jest, and I have had mine. I knew well enough who I was talking to when I play'd upon the little Gondibertus—Ah! I thought I should make you smart for your frolic—I told Elfrida my whole scheme—

Edg. You told Elfrida your whole scheme—

Emm. But pray, Sir, as you did not know my person in my own dress, how came you to know me in disguise?

Flor. Why, Madam, to confess the truth, I was let into the secret by a friend—*(Aside.)* Egad, this goes swimmingly—

Edg. Well, Sir; but pray, give me leave to bring you acquainted with a person, who, I'm sure, you are at present totally a stranger to—Pray, who do you think I am?

Flor. (Aside.) Heaven knows! but I wish I was fairly out of your clutches—Upon my soul, Sir, I have not the honour to know you, any otherwise than as a gentleman whom I should be extremely proud to consider as my friend.

Edg. Why, Sir, I have the honour to be one Edgar; a very shallow fellow, Sir, that you had some kindness for, because he was awkwardly good-natured: I have also had the honour to receive several of your civilities, under the name of Elfrida—'Tis among ourselves.

Flor. Sir, your most humble servant—I have at this time some urgent business—

Edg. So have I, Sir; and therefore you must not leave me yet—You may remember, Sir, that you told me your whole scheme to punish Emmeline for her frolic, and to mortify her with stories of herself by way of joke.

Flor. Sir, I beseech you—

Edg. Sir, I am extremely sorry for the occasion; but as this lady has not got her fighting cloaths on, you must excuse me if I take her challenge upon myself; and so, Sir—(*Draws.*) 'Tis among ourselves.

Emm. What has my thoughtless indiscretion done!

Flor. Ah, dear Sir, now you are too serious—

Emm. This must not be—For heav'n's sake, Edgar, hear me!

Edg. Fear not, my love—Sir, whatever you may think, this is but sport, to what is to follow—and so, Sir, without more words—

Flor. O Lord, Sir!—I beseech you, Madam—

Emm. For my sake, Edgar—

Edg. Trust me.—Draw, Sir, or—

Flor. Sir, I don't desire, to do you any harm; I don't, upon my soul, Sir.

Edg. Scoundrel, coward, draw!

Emm. Consider, Edgar—

Flor. Ay, do, dear Sir, consider—

Edg. Consider what?

Flor. That I am but a poor, miserable, lying coxcomb, Sir—Indeed, Sir, I am—

Emm. It is better to dismiss him, Edgar, as beneath your resentment.

Flor. So it is, indeed, Sir—a great deal better.

Emm. He is worthy only of contempt.

Flor. It is very true indeed, Sir.

Edg. Art not thou a wretch, without the least principle of truth or honour?

Flor. Yes, Sir.

Edg. Art thou not infamous, as a slanderer and a coward?

Flor. Yes, Sir.

Edg. Have not thy very follies the malignity of vices? and is it not a disgrace to nature, to consider thee as a man?

Flor. Any thing, dear Sir, if you will but spare my life—If you choose any other satisfaction, Sir; if you would be content to kick me into some dark corner, and leave me, I should think myself under infinite obligations to you.

Edg. Hence then—and be thyself thy punishment!

[Florimond runs off.]

As Florimond runs off, Elfina comes forward.

Ha!—Fear not, my Emmeline! It is a friendly pow'r, familiar to my sight.

Emm. What! is she known to you?—my friend! my guide!

Edg. And mine!— *[Both run and kneel to her.]*

Elf. Rise both, both blest—

Emm. Forgive my diffidence—When my heart accused you, I was overwhelm'd with distress!—Your promise to come at my call was not fulfill'd.

Elf. I came not, that I might send you hither
(*pointing to Edgar.*) Your friendship was the parent
of your love.

Edg. I too have need of your forgiveness; pardon
my distrust.

Elf. Say no more—your fathers now
Ought to hear your mutual vow;
Both the royal presence grace,
Heroes both of British race!
Go, your duties there present;
I will answer for the event.
Long may virtue guard your breast!
Joy shall then be long your guest.

[*The Fairy disappears.*]

Edg. She's gone! the kind propitious spright, that
has led us, hoodwink'd, to the happiness which,
seeing, we had miss'd.

Emm. Let us then haste to follow her last advice;
for I can trust her now.

‘ *A FAIRY behind the scenes.*

‘ Edgar, Edgar, Edgar!

‘ *Emm.* Hark! What voice?

‘ *Edg.* Perhaps some other kind and invisible be-
ing—There's music too— [*An overture to a song.*]

‘ *Emm.* It comes, another tiny spright—It cannot
mean us ill—It becons you—

‘ RECITATIVE.

‘ *Fairy.* Hear me Edgar; hear, and trust!

‘ Still be kind, and still be just;]

- ' Truth and fondness that endure,
- ' Love from jealousy secure.

' AIR.

- ' Take and keep the fated fair,
- ' Born to give supreme delight ;
- ' Make her ever all thy care,
- ' And secure thy envied right.
- ' Clasp her to thy beating breast,
- ' Round her lock thy faithful arms ;
- ' These will guard her virtue best,
- ' These will best secure her charms.

' [*The Fairy disappears.*]

Edg. Come then, my fair, whom fate my love ordains,

By whom kind heav'n o'er pays my fears and pains !
 Chos'n as thou art for graces of the mind,
 Ere gold could influence, or desire could bind ;
 Whose charms, unsought, unknown, are friendship's
 dow'r ;

Whose love on reason founds its lasting pow'r.
 O ! might each pair thus work what fate intends,
 And none be lovers but who first were friends !



EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK.

SPOKEN BY MRS. YATES.

OLD times, old fashions, and the Fairies gone;
 Let us return, good folks, to sixty-one—
 To this blest time, ye fair, of female glory,
 When pleasures unforbidden lie before ye!
 No sprites to fright you now, no guardian elves;
 Your wise directors are—your own dear selves—
 And ev'ry fair one feels, from old to young,
 While these your guides—you never can do wrong.
 Weak were the sex of yore—their pleasures few—
 How much more wise, more spirited are You?
 Would any Lady Jane, or Lady Mary,
 Ere they did this or that, consult a Fairy?
 Would they permit this saucy pigmy crew,
 For each small slip, to pinch them black and blue?
 Well may you shudder—for, with all your charms,
 Were this the case—good Heav'n, what necks and
 arms!

Thus did they serve our grandames heretofore—
 The very thought must make us moderns sore!
 Did their poor hearts for cards or dancing beat,
 These elves rais'd blisters on their hands and feet:

Tho' Loo the game, and fiddles play'd most sweet-
ly—

They could not squeeze dear Pam nor foot Moll
Peatly.

Were wives with husbands but a little wilful,
Were they at that same Loo a little skilful ;
Did they with pretty fellows laugh or sport—
Wear ruffs too small, or petticoats too short :
Did they, no matter how, disturb their cloaths ;
Or, over-lilied, add a little rose !

These spiteful Fairies rattled round their beds,
And put strange frightful nonsense in their heads !
Nay, while the husband snor'd and prudish aunt,
Had the fond wife but met the dear gallant—
Tho' lock'd the door, and all as still as night—
Pop thro' the key-hole whips the Fairy sprite,
Trips round the room—" My husband !" Madam
cries—

" The devil ! where ? " the frighted beau replies—
Jumps thro' the window—she calls out in vain—
He, cur'd of love, and cool'd with drenching rain,
Swears—" Dem him if he'll e'er intrigue again."
These were the tricks of old—But all allow,
No childish fears disurb our fair ones now.

Ladies, for all this trifling, 'twould be best
To keep a little Fairy in your breast :
Not one that should with modern passions war ;
But just to tweak you—when you go too far.

